

And with these words the old man started off with long strides into the forest, in a direction leading still farther away from the black-house, and was out of sight in a moment.

"What's that room?" said Cruger, turning to his companion; "is the old chap alone, or is he going to turn traitor? Who is he, anyhow, Gordon?"

"You don't know old Eli Flint, or you wouldn't waste breath in asking if he was a coward or traitor. I don't know what his gun's off for now means, but I do know he has some reason for it, as we'll find out, all in good time," said Adam.

Cruger was not entirely satisfied, but said no more to Gordon then, though he indulged in an occasional grumble to himself as they went along.

In due time they had reached and aroused Schwartzman's settlement, and the party, now some forty or fifty strong, took their way directly through the forest towards the point where their assistance was required.

Eli's description seemed all to trouble Cruger, who once or twice remarked to Gordon that he "wondered if they'd ever see the old chap again."

"I'll wait him," said the latter; "we'll see and hear him just when and where he's most wanted, or I'm mistaken worse 'n I'm used to bein'."

While Eli and Gordon were heading up regularly, Dabrowski made his way in the canoe, towards the black-house as fast as the strong current he was breasting would allow him.

He had kept well in the middle of the river, to avoid the danger of being discovered by any parties that might be on the bank, until some distance above the concealed entrance.

Turning his canoe then, he suffered it to drop slowly down the stream, cautiously edging towards the bank, but keeping a sharp lookout on all sides.

When within a short distance of the point he was aiming for, he heard another voice talking, apparently on the water close to the shore. He could see nothing in the deep shadow, nor could he at first distinguish any words.

Allowing the canoe still to drop down the stream, and by a dexterous management of the paddle, edging it still nearer, he could now catch a few detached words here and there, in the frequent language, though he understood it a little, he could not catch enough to ascertain what they were talking about, but he did satisfy himself that there were at least two canoes and not less than six or eight of his enemies within fifty feet of him.

Close to the entrance of the subterranean passage, and directly between him and its mouth.

Whether they had discovered it, he could not tell, but one thing was very certain, if they had not, it was advisable to draw them off lest they should stumble upon it.

His resolution was taken at once. Crouching down in the canoe, and allowing it to drift slowly by, until he had placed a couple of hundred yards or so between himself and the Indians, he pushed out to the middle of the river again, then up the stream about as far as he had gone before, and then, with all the power of his lungs, quivered forth the war-whoop of the Delaware.

There was one instant of silence afterwards, and then the defiance was answered by a chorus of yells from the bank of the river, and in a minute or two he heard the splashing of paddles as the two canoes came dancing out in the direction from which the sound had come.

This was all that was needed. Heading down to the work, he sent his own canoe flying up the stream for a short distance, and then, turning short towards the left bank, "all within fifty yards of it, he again allowed the canoe to drift down 'till it came opposite the opening, within which a few sweeps of his paddle carried him in safety, leaving his pursuers groping about the stream for their vanished foe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The return of Dabrowski was the signal to prepare for work. His account of the entrance of the Indians to the passage seemed in the commander's mind the same uncertainty that existed in his own, as to whether they suspected or knew of the existence of this outlet.

Calling Sexton and Morton into council, he informed them of what Dabrowski had seen, and asked what they thought of it.

"You don't look for Eli and the other man to come in here, do you?" said Morton.

"No, they'll keep outside, I presume, with the men they collect. I know that neither of them is very fond of fighting within walls, if he can help it."

"Fill up with some where's rock come close together, please some here," said Dabrowski, alluding to a part of the passage near the commencement of the water, which was narrowed considerably by a jutting rock.

"Suppose the men should want to come in, we might surprise them in that way," said the commander, shaking his head. "We must trust to the gate that closes it below. It's a better proof, and fairly barred, would laugh at a battering ram, even if they could use one there."

"Eli or Gordon would be about as badly off with that between them and us as they would with the barricade that Storm-Cloud suggests," said Sexton.

"Not quite, they would be within hearing, and both know the signal perfectly well. There is a small, round, hole, I judge, enough to admit one person at a time, and keep him above through which we could cover their entrance."

As this plan appeared feasible enough, and was perhaps the best that could be devised, the heavy gate was closed and securely barred, and the defenders of the fort, as it might now be called, waited for the attack.

It was some time past midnight, and all, except the sentries and those in whom we have been listening, were sound asleep.

Another hour passed without any disturbance, and the watchers began to think that they were to escape attack for another night, and that they might as well go to sleep; they made, however, a final round of the palisades together, to see that all was right and that the sentries were not sleeping at their posts.

Everything appeared to be right until they came to the last one, near the great gate, who was leaning against the heavy upright post on which it swung, his musket lying in the hollow of his arm, and his head down over his breast. It was so dark in the shadow of the palisades that his face was barely distinguishable; but something from his lazy position, and perfect stillness, that he was asleep, the commander approached, and striking him by the shoulder, began to shake him roughly, when, to his surprise, the cap fell off the body of the sentry was suddenly staggered against him with a force that made him stagger, and then the form collapsed, sank doubled up at his feet, and lay there motionless.

At the same instant a dark figure darted from the same spot, flitted past him like a ghost, and with a quick, shrill whoop, disappeared in the darkness, in the direction of the black-house, before the white men had recovered from their surprise. Not so Storm-Cloud, however. As the strange form vanished, close upon his heels, Delaware disappeared also, close upon his heels.

Sexton and Philip were about to follow, when a rush as if a body of men against the gate, and the voice of the commander, speaking in sharp, eager tones, "The bar, the bar! Quick! help me here, or the devil will have the gate open!" recalled them to a more imminent peril.

The commander was standing braced against the gate holding it with all his force against the pressure from without, under which it was gradually opening; the bar, which swung on a pivot in the middle, had been turned perpendicularly, leaving nothing but the weight of the gate and his own strength to oppose the force which was heaving it open.

Morton and his friend instantly sprang to his aid, and succeeded in checking the yielding of the gate before the opening was quite wide enough to allow a passage through it.

They could not have held it long, however, against seven or eight times their number heaving against it, and they were on the point of giving way, when the commander's foot came in contact with a stout stick like a hand-spike which lay near the gate.

The hinges grated and groaned, and the heavy gate sprang under the impetuous surge made against it, but the prop held its own, and a dozen men came rushing pell-mell from the black-house, when the gate was forced back to its place, and the bar dropped into its socket.

The Indians, as is their custom, when they have failed in an attack, withdraw for a time, allowing our three friends to recover the breach which had begun to come short and thick after their tremendous exertions.

"You were just in time," said the commander to the new comers as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak coherently, "how did you find out we wanted you here?"

"Why," said one of the men, "we heard a whoop out this way that sounded as if it was inside the palisades, and the Delaware said right away 'dem Indians!' and so we thought something must be wrong, and started out at once."

"There was an Indian inside here," said the commander, "who ran off towards the house with Storm-Cloud after him; did you see or hear them?"

"Yes," said the other; "just as we got outside the door we heard something break through the bushes; we couldn't see what it was, but the Delaware must have guessed, for they left us, an' took after it hot-foot."

Leaving a strong guard at the gate, the commander, with his two companions, now returned to the fort, where they found Dabrowski and the other Delawareans waiting for them, and with them the Indians, whom they had been chasing, his hands behind his back, standing a little apart in silent silence.

One of two unsuccessful attempts to make him speak satisfied the commander that no information was to be gained from him, and there being no time to waste, he was securely bound and placed under guard for the present, with some of the youngest of the settlers, who were as yet hardly fit for service in fighting, but perfectly competent to serve as was now imposed upon them.

All the day, as had been, crowded by the disturbance, and the plans were altered with the violence of the wind, claiming to know what was the matter, and the fretting and crying of the younger children, arose at being suddenly awakened, till the old bachelor commander was nearly wild with the unaccustomed racket.

"By George!" said he, sharply, "here, you men, make your way in to bed again and keep still, if they know how, tell these children if they don't stop their crying, I'll tell the Indians to go to them, and turn 'em all into peepers; I'll see anything to make 'em stop this infernal noise."

The women, who stood in a good deal of awe of the testy old commander, withdrew with their children again, and soon succeeded in quieting them, with the exception of an occasional whimper.

Soon after they withdrew, a consultation was held among the palisades on the opposite side of the enclosure from that at which the previous attack had been made, followed by the sharp cracking of several rifles, and a moment afterwards the soldier who had been posted there came running in, without any cap, in breathless excitement.

"Yer honor, there's a hundred o' the devil's soldiers over the palisades now, if there was, an' they're makin' straight for the black-house."

"To the black-house, men, and pack off anything you can see, without waiting for orders!" said the commander. "Gentlemen!"—to Sexton and Philip—"come with me, if you please."

He saying, he again entered the little room in which the cannon was concealed, uncovered it, and with the assistance of his companions, trained it through a small square window like a port-hole.

"Now," said he, "if one of the men will only fire, so as to give me a glimpse of light to take aim by, I'll annihilate these gentlemen."

Even while he was speaking, the flash from three or four guns at once, shed a momentary light, by which he could see a crowd of dark figures, some on the ground within the enclosure advancing steadily, while others were climbing over the palisades.

It was dark again in an instant, but he had got the direction.

"Here round a little to the left," said he, eagerly, to Morton, who held the lever used for the purpose; "there, that'll do," and then applied the match.

The priming flared for a moment, and then came the loud report, almost deafening in the small apartment.

The gun was then jerked back, sponged, re-loaded, run out, and fired again, before the command had fairly time to recover from their astonishment, for Morton was at home, now, and worked with the precision and celerity of a practiced artilleryman.

Both discharges were followed by a "confound the confound of screams and yells from the outside"

and shrieks from the outside, as the storm of grape-shot tore their way through the latter.

When the gun was run out for the third time, however, all was silent, except the rush of feet making with headlong haste for the palisades.

Here they were baffled, for the outside they had reached the top of raising one end of a fallen tree trunk sufficiently high for a man standing upon it to reach the top of the barrier with his hands, swing himself over, and drop within; but there was nothing inside but the perpendicular face of the log, which it was impossible to scale without some such aid.

The commander knew this and withheld his fire.

"Now," said he, "we've got 'em in a trap. Morton, you're a capital gunner—don't you hear 'em scattering along the palisades? They'll come on the fellows at the gate directly, and get another dose."

"Sure enough," interrupted Sexton, "there it goes," as a volley of shots was heard in that direction, followed by a rush and the sounds of a hand-to-hand conflict.

In another moment they were out of the black-house, followed by Dabrowski and his warriors, (among whom Sexton recognized the swathed head of "Bear-that-brags") together with most of the white men, and plunging along through the darkness towards the gate, where a tough struggle was evidently going on.

In half a minute more the fight there, at least, was over, and the intruders either killed, wounded, or with arms thrown away, racing around the enclosure for their lives, with the Delawareans in hot pursuit. It hardly needs to tell their fate. "Keep a sharp look out here, boys," the commander was beginning, when three sharp knocks were heard upon the outside of the gate, and a voice speaking sharply, but in an undertone.

"Undo the bar, quick, an' let us in, the ground's clear now."

"Who is it?" inquired the commander, "speak a little louder."

"Why it's me," said the speaker, raising his voice a little, "why it's me, with the men from Cruger's an' Schwartzman's, down the river."

"It is Gordon," said Philip, eagerly, and springing to the bar.

"Quick!" said the voice again; "quick! there's fifty or more of the varmint a-sneakin' up, an' they'll be mixed up with us, if you don't hurry!"

Philip instantly threw the gate open, and the rough hunters poured through, some forty-five in number. Gordon and Cruger remaining outside until the last one had entered.

The two leaders were at this moment about twenty or thirty feet from the gate, and were just moving forward to follow their men, when a dark line of savages leaped forward with wild yells of triumph, from where they had been lying, close in the shadow of the palisades, and passing between them and the gate before they could reach it, fairly cut them off.

At the same moment a strong body in the rear, the same that Gordon had mentioned at first, also rushed forward, with wild cries, and the confusion of which could be heard the name "Bad Eagle!" "The Bad Eagle!" for whom they had apparently mistaken Gordon.

The gate was still standing open.

"Turn out again! Turn out and beat 'em off!" shouted the commander. "Not you, doctor, will you go after another," he added, to the two leaders, who were by side with Philip, dashed through the opening, apparently without having heard him. "You, Jackson and Moutrie, stay here and guard the gate; the rest, follow!"

And out they poured to the spot where during the moments that had elapsed, Adam and his companions had been keeping the swarm of enemies at bay outside the sweep of their long rifles which were raining about their heads as they crept over the wall and then fell upon one or other of their foes who had incautiously ventured too near.

As the last man passed the gate it was closed again, and the principal force of the garrison was now out upon the open ground, exposed to the whole power of their enemies.

The reinforcement had the effect, however, of relieving the two men from the odds against them, and forcing the savages to look to their own safety against the new attack.

For the time, the numbers of the combatants were nearly even, but other bodies of the Indians began to come up from the woods, until the white men were outnumbered, more than three to one.

They still held their ground, stubbornly, however, keeping as close as possible to the palisades, that they might not be taken in the rear. They fought as men, so was fight for their lives. It was impossible to enter the enclosure again without admitting their enemies with them, and those endangering those in the black-house, whom they were trying to defend, and after that was dropping among them, while the survivors kept up the fight with the grim energy of despair, when suddenly, from the right, came a loud "hurrah!" followed by the sharp, irregular cracking of twenty or thirty rifles, the bullets of which whistled about their ears, brought down a dozen or more of their assailants at once.

Then, with loud shouts and whoops, "hurrah!" into the midst of the press," came jumping forward, a party of men, with double rifles in their hands, and gleaming knives dangling by their sides, and plunging headlong among the combatants, driving the Indians before them, and scattering them in all directions.

Among the new combatants were two tall figures, one of whom, Morton, by the flash of a musket near him, recognized as Eli Flint.

The other was about as tall as Eli, but broader and more muscular-looking, giving evidence, in his movements, of enormous strength, which he used with the active energy of a wildcat.

He was dressed in buck from head to foot, and his musket and the lower part of his cavalry belt covered by a thick, black band, which he had fastened round his waist.

As the figure leaped forth among them, leaping now here, now there, like an enraged tiger, grasping his heavy rifle by the middle of the barrel with one hand, and pivoting it, quarrelled fashion, as easily as if it had been a wand, while the other grasped a long, iron knife, and striking everywhere, sent a shiver of terror and dread among the Indians, who were now being driven in every direction, with sudden onsets of mingled fear and rage.

"Le Chasseur Noir! Le Chasseur Noir! The Black Hunter! Jayn Killer!"

"Be the jumper! Jealous!" shouted Adam.

"It's Captain Jack himself! I know'd 'E was up to some!" Plunk at 'em, boys, we've got 'em now, now!"

It was hardly needed, by the over-enthusiasm of the spectators of the terrible battle, whose roars

less bravery and unsparring vengeance, dealt upon their race with a most liberal hand for many a moon past, had invited him with a sort of supernatural character in their eyes, the savages broke and fled, every man for himself, to the cover of the woods.

And it was no idle dream. To them he seemed to bear a charmed life. For had he not conquered, unharmed, from ambuscades laid with all the cunning of their best and wisest warriors? Had he not risen from the wigwam where he lay, bound hand and foot, with armed men around the door, stalked forth unbound, crushing down those who attempted to seize him, as they would have crushed down so many rats, and made his resistance way through a howling tribe of warriors only clutching and striking at him? Could they not hear their bullets "spat" against him, and see them fall flattened to the ground, while hatchets broke like glass, and knife points curled up like soft wire as they struck him?

Many and very wild were the tales, told in the village, of this terrible Black Hunter. How the bravest warriors, singly and in bands, had gone out, sworn never to return without his scalp, and how they never did return, but while they were looking for them still, the death wail, from some tribe in the village, would break sadly upon the still morning air, over a warrior lying stark and senseless upon his couch of skins, with a single knife cut across the forehead; and, by that token, they knew that the destroyer had again been among them.

The siege was ended. The Indians terrified by the cannon, the "big thunder gun," of which they had the most exaggerated notions, baffled at all points, and above all, utterly overcome by the sudden appearance of their dreaded and seemingly ubiquitous enemy, "Le Chasseur Noir," collected their scattered forces, and by the time the sun was above the tree tops, were on their hurried way from the dangerous neighborhood, with the avengers who had followed them, hanging on their trail. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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April 21, 1864.]

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CORMO.

EXORDIUM—A FAMILY FISHING PARTY—A FINE
FISH—A LATE DINNER—A QUEER MON-
STER—A SCRAP—EDITH'S SHOT—TEACHING
BARBARISM.

I prefer not to make history, or manufacture incidents from imagination, having always under my eye more recorded facts than I should care to offer to readers unfamiliar with countries, customs and people so different from our own, that there are few features of resemblance. To such there shall be pleased to afford us the pleasure of their companionship through Chile, and from Chile northward to the end of our tramp, I shall beg them to bear in mind always that it is "South American Civilization" that we are following—not that of the United States, or England, or any civilized country of Europe. That the time occupied in the journey runs through a period of revolution, consisting of government, among turbulent, lawless people; and if sometimes we drift upon an unusual, startling adventure—we cannot help that. The fault is not ours. We were not masters of the situation, and such vicissitudes were inevitable.

If my memory is not at fault, our last pictorial performance was in drawing electric eels from a river of *El Lago de Dore*. That was a long while ago, and only a half hour's amusement at the best. If you please, let us go a-fishing on the Pacific side of the land.

We are informed that Prof. Agassiz has discovered above three hundred new varieties of fishes in a single Brazilian river. It is scarcely probable that he could count up as many in fishing out the whole West Coast of America, from Panama to Cape Horn. But if the professor could make it convenient to spend a month in angling in the waters of the Gulf of Guayaquil, I am confident he would hook up some monstrous queer fishes—something more than *reptiles*. There would probably be a necessity for several new classes, orders and families in ichthyological science. Let us go a-fishing, and see what we shall hook up.

Our friends the *ex-whale killers* of Valdivia, provided a snug, comfortable, fast-sailing schooner, having ample accommodations for our whole party; and as not more than half our number were inclined for fishing, our hosts, with their wives and a majority of sons and daughters, of both families, all expert anglers, supplied the places of our absentees, our Chilean farmer-merchants having in a stock of many good things to eat and drink, that Cater said should have lasted the party round Cape Horn.

At two o'clock, A. M., we got under weigh with a brisk northwesterly breeze, and an hour after sunrise were snug to an anchor in a narrow namesake bay on the Patagonian side of the gulf, our friends securing us that it was by far the best fishing ground anywhere along the coast; the only disagreeable thing being that the Indians were sometimes belligerent, and occasionally there was some sharp skirmishing between them and the Chilean fishermen. But as we all had our rifles and revolvers with us, the schooner had twenty-five good English muskets in her cabin, and a nine-pound brass gun mounted on deck with plenty of ammunition for both howitzer and musket, it was little concern for our enemies, and our friends of the Patagonians, whatever might be their numbers, or disposition towards us.

Within a quarter of an hour after coming to an anchor, every angler, male and female, was in position, and lines were overboard both sides, fore and aft, over the bows, over the taffrail, and the early pastime was fully inaugurated.

Edith Minnie had the honor of the first "hook," which she secured a stronger pull than Minnie could command to haul in her fish. A handsome salmon-like, shaped like a salmon, five feet long, weighing a hundred pounds at least—purple, and green, and gold, and all the tints of a beautiful humming bird on the back—underneath, a clear, bluish white; head a gamboge yellow, striped with brown, and fine and tall as a reed at the corner of a Coliseum guard's cap. A most magnificent fish altogether, and very respectable "hook" for a lady.

Our Chilean friends said the fish was an exceedingly rare one, so much so that though they fished a great deal, no one of the family had caught one of the fish in more than two years. The Patagonians called it *Musquid*, and as the Chileans had no name for the fish, either in Spanish or English, they adopted that of the Indians. So Minnie had caught a *Musquid*, a famous one too, and proud enough she was of "first hook."

Directly the fish began to gather underneath the vessel, and rapidly we began to gather them in on deck, and a lively time we had of it. Fore and aft—starboard and port—over the bows, over the taffrail, there was busy pulling and hauling, splashing, flapping and flapping—her red-baiting of hooks, his fiery barb and hauling up by the whole, and Cater, the greedy-eyed catcher, not content with single hauls, scooped a half dozen hooks to his line and hauled in his victims by three and four.

There were a dozen kinds among our "catch," all fine-looking fish, and very good, our friends said; the majority, however, being a variety of the garpike, resembling the codfish in shape, but averaging three times the size, one of the dorsal and anal fins being absent, and the fish being colored very nearly like a shark, or lake white-fish, with head and fins a delicate bluish pink. The Spaniards of the West Coast call the fish *Peludomero*. I don't know why—nothing in the least like a *peludomero* about the only fish.

After we had been fishing nearly an hour, Kate O'Harris all at once went into a burr and St. Vitus' dance, singing out:
"Oh, bother—bless the look! I've hooked the world, and it's going off with my line, oh—here you—O'Harris—Cater—Cater—Cater. I've—ar me! anybody! The Ogre is pulling me overboard!"

There was something serious when Kate O'Harris called for help, and so everybody dropped lines and ran to the rescue. Yes, there was occasion for an outcry certainly. Some marine monster had laid hold of Kate O'Harris's hook, and was walking steadily off with it, as if he were an elephant, and Kate in her hurry, having stepped into the light of the line, there it was, hauled out around her waist in a round turn, and the sub-marine *thing*, whatever it was, in its retreat was taking the line steadily out, winding her jolly, companionable Kate round and round, hugging her tight against the rail, and squeezing her in a way new, and not quite comfortable.

We soon had the lady free from the line, and

one of the young islanders taking it in his hand, in a moment or two cried out—"El *Claseon* do mar!" (Queer name for a fish, that, come to think of it, I never saw before.) The row of sails of the schooner, it might be that, "we didn't know." But the young Chilean leaped into a boat along side, taking the line with him, a brother and cousin were almost as soon, each taking a gift hook with him, Cater tumbled in a moment later carrying a harpoon and whaling lance, and slowly the young man who had the line, began to round it in hand over hand, until he had the boat plumb over the ding, what- ever it might be, at the lower end of the line, when he began cautiously and carefully to haul in, bringing the monster gradually to the surface.

They were seventy-five yards or so from the schooner, so that we could see nothing under the surface, but in two or three minutes there was a break in the water—the two young islanders made a simultaneous grab with their gift hooks, Cater let drive his harpoon, and then there was a grand flurry, and jolly, lively tussle. The fishing line was abandoned, both the gaffe and harpoon held the game, and after worrying it a few minutes, and administering two or three vigorous lance thrusts, they quieted the creature, pulled alongside the schooner, and we hoisted *amphibia* on deck with a tackle.

Upon my word, it was a well named *row of* sail as anything I ever saw. It was a row of sail, about seven feet long, three feet broad across the head, and diminishing to about one at the posterior portion of the body—then a flattened, oval tail set vertical like a tadpole's, two-thirds the length of the body, hard shelled, like a terrapin, but almost flat on the back, with few rows of black horny spines, six inches in length, with a button or knob at the top of each, the rows running longitudinally of the creature, looking very much as if there had been no many rows of immense nails driven into the animal's shell.

Underneath, the thing was clad in a thick, knobby skin of a muddy white color, full of knobby tubercles. There were two anal, and two long, wing-like pectoral fins, and besides, there were two short translucent fins springing from the base of the ar, having broad, flat, five-toed feet, armed with immense curved claws. It was an awful mouth the monster had, opening three feet across and two deep, with two rows of formidable sharp-like teeth. And then half way up the flat shell mouth were two green, glaring, lidless eyes the size of a small tea-saucer.

It was an ugly, monstrous, hideous thing entirely. Perhaps Professor Agassiz, had he been present, would have been able to put the non-descript where he belonged. As for us, there was not a man or woman of the party able to tell whether the thing was a vertebrate, radiate, mollusk, reptile, mammal, gaviid, amphibia, fish or toad. We guessed it was not a bird, though it was a biped, had rudimentary wings, and—well enough, if they had only been feathers, there to have made a frigate bird of him. Not knowing what better to make of the monster, we decided to let him remain *el claseon* do mar.

We had been engaged with Kate O'Harris's queer "hook" that we had neither eyes or ears for anything else, until just at the termination of our inspection, a sudden whirling whir about our ears, severe rapid rain-squalls against the bulwarks, set us very wide awake to something in a second. There were a dozen feathered arrows quivering in the bulwarks, a bone pointed shaft was driven through the arm of one of the young islanders, another whipped Edith Bond's *sombrero* from her head overboard, and Cater was spotted through his blue "jumper," just clear of the nape of his neck, by an arrow, like a turkey round of roasting.

Twenty-five yards from the schooner were nearly as many great clumsy long canoes, crowded with Patagonian savages, the canoes all huddled close together, and the Indians evidently preparing for a dash upon us.

I had never seen our amiable Baltimore beauty flushed with anger before. But the loss of her pet sombrero, and the quick thought that the red-rascal intended the shaft for her head rather than her hat, called all Edith Bond's fight up in a wink. With one quick spring she snatched her faithful "Lansingburg" from the folds of the fore-cloth—*click—crack—and* the nearest savage in the nearest canoe leaped into the air with a wild yell, and tumbled headlong overboard.

"Brave girl! God bless you, Edith! Only that could have saved us," cried one of our whaler islanders—I have forgotten who. "The shot will hold them in check three or four minutes, and then God help the red rascals!"

Every one ran for arms—every one of the islanders, male and female, could handle a musket like a drilled soldier—as for our party, we knew precisely what our rifles and revolvers would do at twenty-five or thirty yards under prosecution.

The howitzer had been charged with a blank cartridge to fire a salute at noon—one of the islanders sent down a stand of grape, Cater sighted the piece, stood by with the match, and a moment after we had sent a rattling volley of rifle, revolver and musket shots in among the assembled barbarians. *Click—click—click!* sounded the howitzer, and the iron ball storm swept through the front of canoes in a whirlwind of slaughter, killing, disabling and shattering the clumsy canoes of the poor mountain boats. There was no danger of further molestation from the Patagonian marauders. They had discovered their error. They had not dreamed that the holiday fishing craft was an armed vessel, and had thought to capture, plunder and then destroy her, killing every soul on board, as they had done in four instances within a few months, and many in the past few years. But they had been taught a lesson they would not be likely to forget very soon.

As for our Edith, all the Chileans, men, women and boys, begged and begged her out of countenance, called her "Brave girl—guardian angel," and dubbed her the rescuer of our party on the island Edith Bond was a pet name.

A queer question is existing the natives of the wise people of the Green Mountain State. "If a ball goes through the medium of ringing and there be no ear to hear, will there be a sound?" After a column of arguments pro and con, the editor of *Bellevue's* *Edith Times* came up with the following among other theories: "None is composed of three parts, so to speak; first, the vibration of the tongue on the bell; second, the vibration in the air; and third, the vibration on the ear; hence, if this view be correct, there would be just two-thirds of a sound."

A letter writer describing (admirable contents in Philadelphia, says: "I observe that the prevailing color of gardens is blue."

Washington Etiquette.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ERIEN.

The etiquette of Washington society is very different from that which prevails everywhere else. Here strangers make the first call on all officials of whatever capacity, though the residents, (who form a small minority) here, as elsewhere, make the first call on strangers. But a lady newly come to Washington must leave the first call here on the wife of the plainest member of Congress, or of a subordinate officer in one of the Departments.

Among these officials towards each other there is a certain strict etiquette; all of course call at the White House, then the ladies of the Cabinet call first on the wives of the Senators, as they are regarded as higher in rank than the Secretaries, on the ground that the members of the Cabinet are merely the advisers of the President, while the Senators are actual law givers.

Among those of the same rank the rule is that the family of the newly made Senator or Secretary call first on those of older date.

The wives of the under Secretaries and of the members of Congress call first on Senators and Secretaries; while the families of Secretaries, Senators and members must pay the first visit to the General-in-Chief, though lower officers of the army and navy call first on Cabinet and Senators, but decidedly expect the first visit from members of Congress and subordinate officers.

Of course the entire body of officials, as well as strangers and residents, call first on the foreign ministers, though the diplomats must pay the first visit at the White House.

All these rules doubtless appear somewhat complicated, and indeed one has to be here some time before one really comprehends the whole etiquette of fashionable society.

But although to outsiders it may seem that those high in power have an altogether enviable position, a slight inquiry into their actual condition will show that there are many drawbacks to their apparent life of glory.

The ladies of the White House receive, as I have said, all these visits; but are forbidden by etiquette to return any. Neither must they ever accept of invitations to any party or entertainment. Mrs. Lane was the last lady in that position who ever went out, and she very seldom, while Mrs. Lincoln never went at all; so that now it has now become a strict custom that they shall not leave their temporary home for any cause of gaiety.

And this home, what a place it is! A furnished house of the worst description, formal, dirty, cheerless, and just now dispirited! As for anything like quiet or home comfort that is perfectly out of the question. Very few alterations are permitted to be made in its arrangements, and the actual necessities of whole furniture and new carpets must await the pleasure of Congress.

In the house then these ladies are prisoners for four years. They must receive a host of calls from inquisitive and intrusive people, but can have very little chance for any social intercourse. During the season in winter, too, it must be a light labor to stand up for three hours once a week and shake hands with the thousands of people. For the amiable ladies now in the White House lounge each after with a shake of the hand.

As for privacy, there is no such thing about the White House, the grounds are rarely free from curious loungers, and if any member of the family appears at a window, there are eager eyes to stare at them as if they expected to see something more than ordinary mortals. When the ladies go out to drive, or enter a store for shopping, you can imagine what whispered comments and inquisitive looks they meet.

But if the ladies of the White House are restricted in visiting the wives and families of other officials suffer from the immense amount of social duties required of them. They must return every call that is made them, and when you think that these amount in many cases to a hundred a week or even more in the height of the season, you can fancy the labor involved.

A visiting list of fifteen hundred names is not unusual, and I met one of these ladies at the door of a hotel the other day, who told me she was there to leave fifty cards.

As for going out in the season, each official's wife must appear at least once at the house of every person who entertains, besides giving several evening receptions herself, so that it is a small wonder they look utterly worn out after a time.

The importunate and begging visitors these ladies are subjected to are also a great source of annoyance. In many instances they are beset by importunate who deserve small consideration, but so many cases of real destitution come under their observation, that a tender-hearted woman is saddened by the sorrow she cannot always alleviate.

There is doubtless much that is exceedingly agreeable in holding these high positions, but I have given this sketch of some of the drawbacks attending them, that those in humbler places may rejoice that if they have not so much power they have chances for far more home happiness.

In the gay world as present there is almost a total stagnation, the only accepted evenings being Thursday, when Speaker Coffey still has his levees and the Marquis de Mouchillon is at home, and Tuesday the evening of the White House reception.

The Jan. there grows more lonesome as the season advances, and the nights are so fine that people can walk to them. Occasionally the crowd is awful. It is a fearful ordeal to make one's way from the cloak room to the red-room, one is pushed, jostled and torn to pieces, and arriving in the safe harbor of the smoking room one is only thankful to have a moment for refreshing one's dress, and settling one's disordered adornments before entering the President's presence. The awe which at first invades those levees, as being ladies' receptions, soon how to have worn away, and soldiers in their rough blue coats, and hard-handed mechanics press on in a stream to greet their Chief Magistrate. The President here stands just inside the door to shake hands with all comers, while the ladies are placed further back towards the centre of the room, so that they avoid seeing all but those who especially want an introduction.

There has been quite an excitement here over the lady clerks in the Departments. It seems that there are many dissensions among themselves, and recently Mrs. Sewall, who was in the Treasury, published in one of the papers quite an adverse article on their levity of conduct, which, of course, gave rise to much feeling. Soon after this she was expelled for

some disrespectful remarks about the President. But the trouble did not cease with her departure. There still continued to be such indiscretions and disagreements, that in one day twenty-five were sent away, and they say the excitement is not over yet. This is much to be regretted, as the ill considered conduct of these women may engender a prejudice against all their co-workers.

Birds Protected in France.

Not very many months ago, the French Senate was called upon to deliberate seriously on the best means of protecting small birds, of which the destruction, wretchedly carried on by young boys and idle young men—the one through the habitual thoughtlessness of childhood, the other through the idea of "sport"—was becoming a real source of grievance to small farmers and agriculturists. In the course of the debate many curious facts and statements were brought forth, tending to show the absolute benefit and necessity of these winged plunders of orchards and private gardens, whose services as exterminators of the smaller insect tribes which cause so much devastation to the produce of the farmer are cheaply purchased by the loss of a few bushels of currants, or even more valuable cherries. The purpose of the petitioners was answered: therefore the small birds of France were placed under the protecting wings of the gray-headed members of the Senate, and the organ of destruction (in one of its developments at least) was checked for a time.

The Hair.

Every one of the present systems of treating deficiency of hair is based upon a wrong principle, and is not dictated by any knowledge of physiological principles. We have but one method in vogue among our barbers and peroxide-men. Now, unless the state of the nutritive fluid be such as to offer the necessary pabulum or food, upon which the hair can feed as it were, and out of which it grows, we may coax and call upon the hair bulbs and follicles to work in vain; and stimulation can only do good in those cases in which the mischief is local, where there is local torpor or inactivity in fact. Otherwise the local process, the roots and bulbs, are overtaxed and actually weakened. It seems at first that any remedy so really took place, because steam is put on, but subsequent relaxation and depression are certain to ensue.

Bereavement.

"The sound of my harp shall haunt your dreams, And once he's come afar; I play on the harp because it seems A sort of a wild guitar."
"That once was a fiddle, and once a cello, And once he's come afar; I play on the harp because it seems A sort of a wild guitar."
"That once was a fiddle, and once a cello, And once he's come afar; I play on the harp because it seems A sort of a wild guitar."

So murmured the minstrel and so sang he, But he shut up his music soon,
For the cat in the "slimy" at No. 2 Kept singing quite out of tune.

A PATIENT WINDOW CLEANER.—An ingenious instrument for cleaning windows of every description has been lately invented by Mr. Somers, of Birmensham, England. It consists of a long wooden rod, with an elbow joint; at the end of the rod is a small wheel, which can be turned to sit on the window sill. The long arm is supplied with a nut and double cord, and the short arm has a movable belt on it, to which may be attached a brush, sponge or wash-leather; and by moving the nut up and down, the brush or other article on the short arm is brought in contact with the window pane. The instrument seems to answer its purpose admirably. It is light, portable and cheap.

THE ORIGINAL MINNIE.—Prof. Huxley, in a recent lecture, gave an interesting account of the order of *Spermia*, taking as a type the dugger. The professor has no doubt that it was the queer animal that gave rise to the myth of mermaids. The dugger has a not voluminous head, its head and back are covered with small scales like bricks on a pig, and it comes to the surface of the water in the great Indian Ocean (to which it is confined) vertically, not horizontally, as a female, holding to its breast, with a paw, its infant, the mamma being two in number, and large and rounded. The veritable mermaid, without doubt.

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLER.—The French police lately captured an ingenious rascal. He employed a young draughtsman to make drawings for him of the newest articles exposed for sale in jeweler's shop windows, and immediately had those imitations made of base metal. He would then pretend to wish to purchase the articles, and have them sent to his hotel, ostensibly for the purpose of showing them to his wife, whom he had only to change them for the counterfeits which he would send back.

A LITERARY FEE.—Miss Amelia B. Edwards has "got into a literary fix" by not consulting a barrister before arranging the legal framework of her new novel, "Half a Million of Money." The whole story hinges on her hero's coming into possession of a long accumulating sum of money conditionally bequeathed to any male heir of the ancestor who might be living after one hundred years. Such a thing seems out to be impossible under the English law.

The total area of the United States is three millions two thousand and thirteen square miles, while the area of all Europe is but three million eight hundred and thirty thousand square miles, and thirty square miles less.

"It will not do," says Dr. Fyfe Smith, "to be perpetually calculating duty and adjusting one's conduct to it. It did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years; but at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates and consults his brother, and his uncle and his first cousin, and particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age—that he has lost so much time in consulting first cousins and his particular friends that he has no time left to do anything but die."

A young American lady, brought up in the Christian faith, joined the Spanish church at Chicago a few days ago.

The ladies in Paris now photo the heads of their beards with gold and silver.

The Astorian (N. Y.) Advertiser says that a son of Brigham Young, formerly a member of that village, was in town last week, looking up upon the face of his father, which he was anxious to reproduce, with the likeness which had appeared during thirty-five years.

The Slave Trade.

Dr. Livingstone in his new book on Africa, describes the cruelties practiced by those who, in spite of the opposition of the civilized world, continue the slave trade on the eastern coast of that continent. It is conducted principally by half-caste Portuguese, who are revelling specimens of humanity. One of their number recently resorted to the atrocious practice of spearing his captives with his own hands for the purpose of inspiring terror. On one occasion he killed in this way forty poor wretches placed in a row before him. The wretched sacrifices of human life by these traders is dreadful. The great African explorer gives it as his "deliberate opinion that not one-fifth of the victims of the slave trade ever become slaves. Taking the three valleys as an average, not even one-tenth arrive at their destination." Passing through a territory that had been subjected to a slave raid, he thus describes the devastation caused by the purveyors of the "trade of hell."

"Wherever we took a walk, human skeletons were seen in every direction, and it was painfully interesting to observe the different positions in which the poor wretches had breathed their last. A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river from the east. Others lay in their huts, with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the moldering corpse, with the poor rags round the limbs—the skull fallen off from the pillow—the little skeleton of the child, that had perished first, rolled up in a mat, between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of human life in the middle passage, however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and makes us feel that the slave-trade—that monster of iniquity which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established."

In April the late war commenced, and in April it ended. On the 12th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired upon, and on the 19th the 5th Massachusetts was attacked in Baltimore. On the 14th of April, 1865, Gen. Grant took possession of Richmond, and on the 9th Lee surrendered to the 14th President Lincoln was murdered.

George IV., in the latter part of his life, was in the habit of quoting the from Duke as a witness to the statement that his majesty had led in person the decisive charge at Waterloo. Wellington's answer on such occasions invariably was:—"I have often heard your majesty speak of that battle."

A minor who lately came from Virginia City says that the vegetation is so scarce in that region that "two million stalks and a bunch of thistles is called a grove."

But, as I said before, we have proved to you that there is no line. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, there it is, and there it will remain forever, and all the ingenuity of my learned brother can never efface it—can never wash it out. No, gentlemen; he may plant one foot on the ground, and the other on the summit of the planet Saturn, and plant the other on Arcadia, and send the Pegasus by the hair, and bring them dry, but he cannot wash out that lava line—never, never."

A very good illustration of the extent of our country is the announcement of a steamboat vessel about to be made from Philadelphia, Pa., to Fort Benton, on the headwaters of the Missouri, a distance of about forty-six hundred miles. In no other way can one get a better idea of the vast domain over which the starry banner floats than by travelling day after day on our great navigable rivers, which form an important element of our commercial advantages. Fort Benton is in the new territory of Idaho, and the contemplated voyage is the whole length of the Ohio, and nearly the whole length of the Missouri, besides a part of the Mississippi equal to an ordinary river.

About 200 all wells are down, or going down, in the vicinity of Bethwell, Canada, of which 30 or 40 are pumping a daily average of about 30 barrels each. About one well out of four is a falling two wells out of four, medium, one well out of four large.

"Come, Bob, say, what did you just clear by your speculation?" said a friend to his companion. "Clear?" answered Bob, with a frown, "why, I cleared my pocket."

Suffering is no duty but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; our pleasure is a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of beneficence, or lessens the generous activity of duty."

An exchange tells of a man who left off chewing tobacco several weeks ago, and has since gained twelve pounds of flesh. His appetite has increased to such an alarming extent that it is feared he will be obliged to resume tobacco or starve to death!

The London Spectator says:—"One of the most terrible political crimes committed with the sinking of the steamship London has not yet appeared in print. One of the many ladies on board was now a young girl, and when the ship went down she was seen holding it above her head, as if crying with true maternal fondness, though all around her, her baby must die the last."

CHURCH REFORM.—Some of the ordinary regulations of the Chinese are particularly curious. A blooming, handsome fellow they call "a paper tiger." When a man values himself on his own strength, they compare him to "a rat falling into a snare, and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing, they call "a breakfast making a brew." A gentleman they compare to "a rooster" which goes off at noon. Those who respect their family on account of objects best to be avoided, they call "a hanging a lantern on a pole, which is seen after, but gives no light."

From recent scientific investigations in Europe it has been shown most conclusively that in London there is more water than has been drunk by the inhabitants the climate has principally rapid, preventing impure water to be one of the chief causes of disease.

He must for any considerable period, and how one can be so kind and considerate to the multitude, without finally going headlong as to which way is the true.

The motto of the common school is to be before most things that which is the least conspicuous.

Unfortunate young lady, thinking her hair was falling out, she had sent some one when she had heard of this world and all.

Mrs. Murphy (to applicant for help). Before I engage with you, I would like to see a character from your last girl.

The Fourth Book of the *Æneid* of Virgil

Done into Modern American.

But Jupiter, the great, grand, high old Turk,
Woke up, and gaped, and looked and said,
"What work!"
Mercury, my son, put on your shapio, quick,
And drop on Carthage city like a streak;
Hear is there hanging around Dido:
I want to know what he means by it, I do!
Tell him to pack up and be off for Italy,
Or if he don't, I'll larrip him most mightily.
So Hermes put his winged India rubbers on,
And ere you could ejaculate Jack Robinson,
He found the Trojan, busy as a bee,
Repairing Dido's wash-tub, and says he,
"Now drop that hammer like a hot potato,
And put your foot to sea—that's what's the
matter!"
The fates ordain that you get up a nation
Whose fame and power shall ring through all
creation,
And Jove says if you don't obey this message
He'll knock you off in a boloney cage.
Draw a bee-line for Lattium, and be sry!"
With that he vanished in the sky-blue sky.

A shiver ran through *Æneas* as he
His speechless vow stuck in his chattering
fanbion.

The hair stood endwise on his powdered wig
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
He wanted to go and then again he doesn't;
"The situation" is indeed unpleasant,
At length he calls his comrades—beave Serenas,
Achates, Furax, Varro, and Longinus—
And they set out their grub-bags on the sly,
To run the sharp blockade of Dido's eye.

But Dido guessed the Trojan stratagem,
And like a fury thus belayed him:
"Oh you perfidious villain! will you play
This heartless game all unbeknownst to me?
Will not our love, will not my grief and pain,
Will Dido's tears not stay you in my land?
Will you attempt the windy words to leave
And spread your sails upon the treacherous
wave,
Where hungry sharks are colicking and snarling?"

Where Capen comes will gobble up my darling,
He'll eat me up like a piece of my bacon wing,
By love, and truth, and rags, and all them things,
I'll follow you, and I'll be sure to find you."

"Proceed, I do abjure you, to relent,
For if you don't I certainly shall faint!"
Says Dido, "I am your most obedient,
But to say here don't seem to be expedient,
Far may I wander on this earthly ball,
But remember you I never shall!
But if the court do understand herself,
(And she presume the do) that little elf,
Aeneas, is foredoomed to find
A free class empire on Italian ground."

"I didn't exactly like to stay away,
But then again, I've not agreed to stay;
The ghost of my progenitor, Anchises,
Each night beside my troubled couch arises,
The gods command me to get out of this,
And paddle off to find new destinies."

"Oh, monster!" cries the disappointed woman,
"No goddess in my mother, nor no woman,
Rag thou was born out of the fifty rack,
And so on Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
Now, now, great Jove, see this savage creature,
He don't exhibit one redeeming feature!
I found him poor and hungry as a grub-worm,
I dined and wine and tossed him from my
bosom."

Got up a supper, led his leavy crew,
And heard his epidemic term clear through!
You talk about obeying Jove's decree—
Paphos! what a piece man you be!
Well I go and leave me, lone and destitute,
I will not argue with such a brute!
But if the gods are worth a single tickle,
I hope they'll give you an eternal pickle!
And my indignant ghost, when I am dead,
Shall ride your conscience like a pig of lead!"

Completely overcome with pain and passion,
She fainted in the most disgraceful fashion.
The screaming maids:—hear their protest
—
Upon a bed with many silk coverings,
These read the homopathy book, while those
Hold a mirror for to her pallid nose.
When in the morning from the palace towers,
She saw his leavens and flashing ears,
She tore her golden locks in ecstasy,
And panted on her breast tremendously.
"Fret! Jupiter, shall this man get away?
Spread little being freeland! ah, what is it
that?"

Why did I not revenge me while he stayed,
I might have found his first-best with my blade,
Deceived his progenitor while I was able,
And dismissed him for his father's sake!
But now I write in impotent dismay,
While he goes—(dive off) in his leavens way!
Her bloodstained scepter rail while thus she
speaks.

And purple spots suffuse her quivering cheeks,
She moans with wild impetuosity,
A funeral pile, some forty-four feet high,
Of scented kindling wood, at least ten cords,
And thus pronounced these, her latest words:
"Behold, I go the way of all mankind;
I've done the war by the dangerous fate assigned,
I've built a city, and my finished tower,
O that the Trojan had not touched my shores!"

With these remarks, the deadly dirt she grabs,
And wicks her several powerful jabs,
Forth leaps the boiling life blood, and the crowd
Their fallen queen survey, with clamors loud,
Lead flowers and lead lamentations rise
Rear through the city, and around the skies.
Thrice she supports herself upon her elbow,
And strains her eyes to see her faithful crew,
Thrice does she seek the blinding light of day,
And having found it, gazing, turns away.

Then Jove, playing his agency,
From his throne, the struggling soul to free,
The doory lay, on her golden wings,
With thousand radiant countenances,
Rear through the vapors, with immortal speed,
And stood above the death-dreary bed.
"This look to Pallas' realm I bear away,
And now release thee from this cruel day,
So saying, she cut the lock of golden hair,
And life departed on the ethereal air."

—Winnifred Herford.

If a man will you a favor, it is his duty
To the wildest duty, for what right has he,
A Christian, to deter you from the promised
land?

Taken by the Brigands.

I.

We were returning to Lecce, in the heel of
Italy, from the baths of St. Caterina, in the Ro-
magna, where we had been to our health and
pleasure at its life-restoring waters. On leaving
from the steamboat at Brindisi, we were told
that we must not think of proceeding on our
journey at present, as the brigands were in full
force in a wood close to the road along which
we must pass to reach our homes.

We were, of course, all anxious to get home,
and began to think about ways and means to
defy the brigands, on as to achieve our end.
Our carriage had been ordered to meet us at
Brindisi, but the prefect had been obliged to
take them to send forward some soldiers to St.
Pietro Vernone; therefore there was no alterna-
tive but to wait. Our party would consist of
three carriages, beside those which would carry
the baggage; and we hoped that, hearing there
were soldiers about, these men would be able to
pass in safety. Another motive for special
care was that in the carriage, or carriages,
would be deposited eighty barrels of the new
copper money for the Neapolitan States, which
should be a great temptation to the brigands
should they get knowledge of it in any way, as
was not altogether unlikely, for almost all the
coachmen and postillions of the diligences are
spies in their interest. We found, however, that
the money would be with a second company,
and would be attended by fifty soldiers and a
troop of National Guards. At length, all things
having been arranged, and having heard that the
Casino Teodorani had been burned, with all
the people in it, we thought there was more
hope that the road would, for a time at any rate,
be free. So we mounted to our places in the
carriages, all concealing our anxiety, and set out
on our journey.

Our road lay through a beautiful and luxu-
riant country, thick with many of us was new,
and the sweet soft air and brilliant sunshine had
its effect upon us, for we became calmer, as
who does not when in company with nature?
Besides, we felt that each mile brought us
nearer to our homes.

But, alas! our calmness was of short dura-
tion. At each town we were advised, "Guardati
dal briganti!" (Take care of the brigands), and
with the usual love of the marvellous and dread-
ful, were told of some fearful cruelties done by
these "guastatori." But now we must pro-
ceed, whether or no, unless we were to turn
back, so, with trembling hearts, but brave faces,
we prepared ourselves for the worst.

I would not believe in the danger. My hus-
band was an invalid and half blind, and being
impatient to get him home, I persuaded the
coachman to improve his pace, so that our party
was soon a good step in advance of the other
carriages. Presently we were again advised, and
then we were told that the brigands were in the
neighborhood, and that they were determined by
the wheels of the carriage which contained the
money.

We proceeded on our way, and were about
seventeen miles from Lecce, when, on hearing a
part of the road skirted by a dense wood, a sud-
den sound of voices not our own, and in the
distance, a sort of firing, we were all seized
with these most dreaded brigands! Horror took
possession of us: some of the women shrieked,
and the men commenced praying to their patron
saints. Of the whole of our company, there
was only one who had any kind of arms, which
were deemed unnecessary, as the soldiers and
National Guards who accompanied the convey,
and from whom we had so unwisely separated
ourselves, were considered enough for our safety.
Indeed, our company consisted chiefly of women
and children; so that our dismay may be
better imagined than expressed. The brigands
advanced to the carriage, and, opening the
doors, desired us all to alight, assuming the
ladies. To those who drew back in fear, a loud
"Obbedite!" (they are) was sufficient to gain
obedience, in the hope of being better
treated.

The "Cape Briganti" (head brigand) had
made his bow at the door of the carriage in
which my husband and myself were seated, and
feeling that I was in a great measure, through
my impetuosity to get forward, the cause of our
present trying position, I determined to put the
best face on it; for my husband's painful blind-
ness prevented him from seeing. Therefore, when
the brigand desired me to alight, I gave
him my hand, which he detained, and, telling me
not to fear, led me forward into the wood,
my husband following as close as he dare, while
the rest, with their capes, brought up the rear.

Our hearts beat with a terrible apprehension
as we saw ourselves thus surrounded by ferocious
bandits, each of whom was armed, as we
went to the wood. It was very possible
some one in another building their children to
their breasts, husbands clamping the hands of
their wives, with the fierce determination of de-
spair to protect their dear ones to the last, while
the upturned eyes and quickly moving lips told
of the prayer breathed to Almighty God for help
in this hour of need.

We all looked at each other, not knowing
what to expect next. It was nothing to us that
the place was of the most romantic beauty; that
the mountain side was dotted in the distance
with vine-covered cottages; that under our feet,
on the mossy grass, grew the most charming
flowers we could not find these things there,
although we remembered them afterwards.

The brigand, still holding my hand, looked at
me with the blind, impatient stare of someone
powerless, and, leading me to a sort of rude and
deserted me to be seated. My husband was all
this time keeping as near to me as he possibly
could, and to reassure him I assumed a bravely
I was far from feeling, whilst I said to him in
English, "Do not fear for me, dear Edoardo,
I do not think he will do us any harm; he looks
something of a gentleman," little thinking of
what great use those words would prove to us.

My husband, who had imagined that the brigand
answered me, in very good English, "Yes, Signor
Inglese, all depends on your obedience to my
orders. I have this" (taking a pistol from his belt) "with which I silence all who do
not obey me." My poor heart stood still; for
he had approached the pistol so close to my
temple that the most slender of mice, as it
were, might have bitten my temple, and I
however turned round, and, with all the confidence
I could command, told him that I had every
confidence in his good feeling, as I was quite
sure that he did not make war against women
and children; and I ended by complimenting
him on the way in which he spoke English.

—The writer is an Englishwoman, and the
land on Italy.

"You are a brave girl," said he; "and, after I
have given some orders to my men, I will return
and wait upon you myself; but, *quasi* if you try
to get away from me, or fail to obey the orders
I give to you!"

He proceeded to join his companions, with
whom he remained some time in conversation;
they not agreeing with him as to how we were
to be treated, he was very evident from the dark
looks which the men threw to our party. In
the meantime I was endeavoring to recover as
much as possible my spirits, and thus reassure
my husband, whose apprehensions were all made
more inasmuch as he could see very little of
what was going on. I did not dare to move
from the place where the brigand had left me,
but I drew the attention of my husband by
making that very peculiar sound of the lips
which I had learned on the mountains, which
Italians use to discover their whereabouts to their
companions. He heard me, and approached me
as near as he dare, for me to speak to him.

"What are they going to do with us, my wife?"
said my husband; "that my eyes could serve
me." "I don't know," I answered; "but, if you will
keep your courage, I think with a little *finesse*,
all will be well." He seemed to gain hope from
the tone in which I spoke; for all his fear was
for me, aggravated by his utter inability to help
me, and his anguish, unspoken at the time, that
the brigand meant to keep me with him in the
mountains, his prisoner. Thank God, no such
thoughts as that entered my head, and other
thoughts alike distressing were kept in abeyance
by a murmured prayer which ever and anon
came from my heart, though unspoken by my
lips.

My companions were in a state of fear and
suffering which it were useless for me to attempt
to describe. They were divided into groups,
each watched over by armed brigands and fear-
ing to move in case of offending their fierce
looking sentinels. The head brigand was going
from one group to another giving his orders.

For what? that was our anxious question. Our
fears were not lessened when we found that they
were making their usual demand; namely, for
all the money and valuables the travelers posses-
sed. We thought the next thing would be
torture and death; whereas, if we had reflected—
as was hardly to be expected—we might have
been sure that had the brigands intended to
kill us, they could have robbed us afterwards.

The Cape had his fingers already covered with
costly rings; among them I perceived the beau-
tiful amethyst of which these very brigands had
robbed Padre Giovanni, Garibaldi's chaplain,
when they took him prisoner, though, to his honor
be it spoken, they treated him—with one excep-
tion of the ring—with the greatest cour-
tesy. These brigands carried, like most of their
brethren, an image of a Madonna in their tall
felt hats. The Madonna del Carmine seemed to
be their patroness, for each one had a cameo of
her in his hat. The Cape now again approached
me, and, taking me by the hand, told me that
the food was ready, and that I must eat with
him, as macaroni was served. My nerves were
by this time in such a state of excitement that
a kind of desperation seemed to take possession
of me, inspiring me with a certain bravery which
gained me the greatest admiration from my
bragging host. He led me to what in England
we should call a sort of kitchen in a garden, and
seated me at the top of a rude table, calling me
"La Regina della festa." The repast consisted
of macaroni, cheese, and grapes, which latter
grew in beautiful luxuriance over our heads, and
wine of the purest vintage.

In Naples the custom among the peasantry is,
that when the huge *macaroni* containing the "ma-
rionda" (breakfast) is placed upon the table, each
person takes him or herself a handful of the
macaroni, and, as was expected to do the same.
But this we deemed an utter impossibility,
because the hands which dipped in the dish
were none of the cleanest; I therefore said I
was not hungry.

"Obbedite!" (they are) "magna" (eat),
and the fierce eyes repeated the command.
I obeyed, taking with me a handful of some of
the *disprezzabile* macaroni, and putting it to my
mouth; but I contrived that my pocket-hand-
kerchief should receive the better part of that
which I took.

But another terrible fear took possession of
me—that of being poisoned, for, under the pre-
text, as I thought, that the first morsel of macar-
oni was insufficient, another one was ordered,
and, as I was unable to resist, I was obliged
to eat more than I was used to. We were
taken possession of by the Cape, and it was
very trying to me to see him straining his eyes
to discover how I was being treated; for he
dared not approach to where I was sitting, but
was obliged to remain quiet in his place, which
was almost too much for the philosophy of an
Italian.

Our repast over, the brigand led me to a seat
on the roof of an old tree, and bidding me sit
still until he should return, he went to the open-
ing of the cavern, calling out to his companions,
"Portate qui il più buon vino che avete per la
Signorina Inglese" (Bring the best wine that
you have for the English lady). All this time
my fellow travelers were sitting in groups, not
knowing what was to come next, endeavoring to
gain a glimpse down the alley of trees to see if
there were any signs of the other convey, but
not daring to make a sign of any kind to each
other; for all the men who guarded them were
fully armed, and we felt that the least remark
on our part might be the signal for our death.

Something like a fear that we had friends in
the expected convey to doubt had its effect on
the brigands. They do not like the look of
soldiers, and they must have known that the
carriage containing the few coinings for the
expenses of the journey was in the convey. We
were quite sure that they were well aware, by
some means or other, that this money was on its
way to the prefecture, and in the first instance
they had doubtless imagined ours to be the re-
lief. We were now all desired to come into the
cavern, and we dimly observed. I cannot
tell why, but from this time I felt sure that our
lives were safe, but my husband did not share
my faith, and this was not to be wondered at,
when, as he was by recent illness and nearly
blind, feeling how deep was his distress, I asked
my guide to allow me to go over to him and
speak to him.

"He is heavily blind," said I, "and he has been
very ill, and I am all he has."

"So?" thought the unwilling fellow. "If you
want to leave my wife, you are a dead
man!" at the same time drawing the pistol
again from his belt. All my lately-acquired
courage well-nigh forsook me, and the first tears
I had shed flowed from my eyes; but there did
I stand, and I soon recovered myself.

The cavern into which the brigand now con-
ducted me was large, and furnished with a good
bed in one corner, by the side of which was the
image of the Madonna, with a light burning. Two
or three very uneasy chairs were round about a
rough hewn table in the midst, and all around,
partly concealed by natural fissures in the rock-
like earth, were huge horses and barrels, doubt-
less filled with the spoils of which many travel-
lers had been robbed. Seated at the top of this
rude table by the brigand, who placed himself
by my side, my real troubles were now about to
commence.

"You must drink, signorina," said he, "and
then you must sing for me."

"Sing!" what every nerve of me was trembling,
when could one sing, whose head bowed over
his hands, and the big tears of helpless
sorrow pouring through his fingers! It seemed
impossible. I assured him, and with truth, that
I could not sing; neither could I at that time.
I saw his fierce eyes, I may say, glaring at me
for refusing, and I said—

"Signore Capitano, I cannot drink, and I cannot
sing, because I am not well. Do not keep
me away from our families and our homes.
You have all the time given you, permit us to pro-
ceed on our way, I entreat you," clasping my
hands; and with the thought of our situation I
lost my calmness, and, with a high voice and
look far from amiable, I said again—for my
patience was quite exhausted—"I will neither
drink nor will I sing at the command of a brig-
and!"

I soon had cause to repent my temerity. Rising
from his seat at my side, he took hold of me,
and, pressing me with brutal force on to my
knees, he held my clasped hands with one of
his, and, drawing a revolver from his belt, and
putting it near to my heart, he said—

"Obbedite! se no, sono questo lo voglio sta-
dermi al collo, corpo inanimato!"

I became dark before my eyes; but I did
not faint, and I remember to have had a wish
to tell the man that I would do what he wished;
but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth,
and a deadly wish for my mother, from whom I
had been of course most separated since my
marriage, came over me; but I recovered my-
self, and, with a great cry, my mind seemed to
retire to a sense of my fearful position.

The brigand thought I was crying, or
not I do not know, but he let go my hands, and
then, clasping them together, cried out in the
words I had often heard my husband say when
in trouble, "Oh, Madonna del Carmine! oh,
misericordia!" when, in one moment I was
raised from my kneeling position, the revolver
was replaced in his belt and the brigand was on
one knee at my feet! The change from great
peril to safety, from death to life, was so sudden
that I was dazed, and I was awake to my full
senses by my husband running to me as if to take
me to his heart, when he was rudely pushed away
by the brigand, and told to go to his seat like a
schoolboy.

The brigand, as I said, knelt on one knee at
my feet, and, taking up a glass of wine, present-
ed it to my lips.

"We did you not tell me you also worshiped
our Lady del Carmine?" pointing to the
beautiful image on his tall felt hat. "You would
have saved yourself much pain. But drink,"
said he, "drink, and I too will drink with you."

I felt very little inclined to the wine, for fear
it was drugged, and I expressed my fears as
much as my husband, who was still within
hearing, said by signs on his fingers, "Drink,
Lavinia, for my sake." My trembling hands
could scarcely hold the glass to my lips, but I
drank, and the wine revived me, and did me
good. This seemed to please the brigand much,
and he again said, "Why did you not call on
her?" pointing to the Madonna on his hat, and
most devoutly crossing himself. Thus, man, who
five minutes before would have shed my blood
without a tremor of the hand, was now carrying
me on his knees. I felt more composed, but
the terror of those moments can never be de-
scribed; for, added to my own fear of a violent
death, when the revolver was pointed at me, I
saw my husband struggling with one of the
brigands in his own endeavor to get me out,
and some insane idea of being able to rescue me,
I say that my sufferings may not be said, but
must be left to the sensitive reader. Even now,
in the night, when I wake and all is silence
around me, the whole scene is recited in my
mind, until a cold shiver comes over me, and I
drive the fearful vision away. The shock which
my husband received he never recovered, for,
added to other griefs, it made me a widow.

The brigand now asked me if I was sufficiently
recovered to sing for him. I had learned wido-
dom. I therefore told him I was ready to try to
amuse him, and, knowing the sort of *favore*
that all the Neapolitan feel for the famous song-
"Tanti topi tope," I commenced singing, and
finished it amid the roars and applause of every
one of the brigands.

The brigand must drink a glass of wine,
and must give a *brindisi*. I assented, and
the Cape.

I thought a moment, and, anxious to show
him that I was not afraid, I took the wine, and,
under a deep silence, said—

"Sono alla salute della nostra patria e vanto
giovetti italiani!" (I drink to the health of our
land and honest Italian reader).

"Viva, viva la signorina Inglese!" said all;
and I was obliged, after much hesitation on my
part, to sing I was too fatigued, to sing again.
And I cannot give you a greater proof of the
esteem with which Garibaldi is held, even by
these brigands, than the fact that, when I sang
"Giovetti italiani" (The Red Shirt), they made
the old cavern echo with their plaudits. I
thought by this time that I had done enough,
and went out as I was by the different ways
of the last few hours. I very respectfully recom-
mended to the Cape that he should be allowed to
depart, but he insisted that I should sing an En-
glish song. I therefore sang the English words
to an air from "I Puritani," in which he joined,
his low voice giving great beauty to the
music, which, in other, common and in another
instance, would have been a real treat.

At last my singing was finished—Italian,
French, English. I had sung in them all, and I
tried to feel the effects of the excitement
through which I had passed.

"Ed eccoci così in via regina della Festa,"
said the brigand.

I asked him if he would allow me to say what
I wished. "Oh, signora, adesso sono in te sono
servo."

"Beh," said I. "Now that I have done all
that you wished me, I pray you to allow us to
go in peace."

"You have not yet given me a *brindisi*,"
said he, taking my hand and looking at my
rings; for I was unwise enough to have on

some of value. He took from off my finger my
mother's parting gift, saying I was the bravest
girl he had ever seen, and that the persons who
were with me might thank me for going away as
they did. My ring was put next to the beautiful
amethyst of which this same brigand had rob-
bed Padre John, Garibaldi's chaplain, when he
was detained by them some two years before. I
waited anxiously for the mandate to prepare to
resume our route—for the evening would be
coming on, and I was anxious for home and
safety—when the brigand came up to me, and,
taking me in his arms, embraced me most valen-
tantly, telling me that I had amused him more
than ever he was before; and, pointing to my
husband and the others, he said,

"Had it not been for you, they would now be
lying there with the rest," pointing to a place
where there had been a fire, and, as I afterwards
knew, where they had burnt alive five unfor-
tunate travellers!

He now called to his men to know if the ve-
hicles were ready, and, finding they were, he told
my fellow travellers to seat themselves, detaining
me until the last.

When all were ready, and my husband seated,
the Cape, who had never allowed me to be five
minutes without him, now took my hand to as-
sist me into my seat. How my heart beat with
thankfulness for our marvellous deliverance! At
length I was seated by my husband's side, and
the carriage-door shut upon us. "A rivedere,
signorina! datemi la mano!" (A rivedere, madam:
shake hands with me.) I thought myself quite
safe; and, not able to help giving him a little of
my mind, I said, "No, signore capitano; addio,
non a rivedere! e per la mia mano, questa è la
prima volta, e deve essere l'ultima volta che io
te vedo, ma non voglio mai dar la mia mano a
un brigante." (No, sir captain; good bye, not a
rivedere; and, for shaking hands, this is the first
time, and it is the last. I hope, that I shall see
you, and I will not give my hand to a brigand.) I
had no sooner said the words than I deeply re-
gretted my temerity; for, with an exclamation
of rage, he pulled open the carriage-door, and
commenced dragging me with no gentle force
out of the carriage. My husband exclaimed,

"Oh! ignore capitano, forgive her, I pray you!"
But he was not so easily to be appeased. He
pulled me out of the carriage, and, for the second
time I was made to go down on my knees and
beg his pardon, at the same time giving him my
hand; and then, taking a gold Napoleon out of
his pocket, with a hole in it, he gave it me, tell-
ing me to wear it in memory of him.

I promised everything, feeling sure that some-
thing else would happen if I did not get away,
and, with a heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving to
Almighty God for His signal mercy in thus sav-
ing us, as it were, out of the lion's mouth, we
gladly proceeded on our journey. On passing
through the next town, we met five unfor-
tunate men whose ears had all been cut off close
to their heads. To them I gave the gold
Napoleon, and very thankful they were to re-
ceive it.

OVER THE WAY.

Time in her childlike privity
Out from the golden day,
Fading away from the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the nebulae meet,
Over the silent way.

Over the bosom tenderly
The pearl-white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheek so white—
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been—
Smoothing the blue of her eyes within
The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovely
Twinkled her sunny hair;
She was so fragile that Love sent down
From his heavenly gem that soft, bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed
Over the evening hush—
Do you miss her voice from your glad dream,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till his velvet lips with the essence wet
In orient crimson glow?

Rosebud—under your shady leaf
Did from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven to your timid sight?
It is haunting now on a world of light
Over the starry way.

Heaven—where the darling's head hath lain,
Heard by Love's shining ray—
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Dith brightens the harp in the unknown land?
Oh, she waits for us with the angel band
Over the starry way.

Wildflowers.
And then I love the field flowers too,
Because they are a blessing given,
Even to the poorest little one.
That wanders 'neath the vault of heaven.
The garden flowers are reared for few,
And to that few being alone;
But flowers that spring by vale or stream
Each one may claim them for his own.

Wildflowers are the flowers of childhood,
The fairy gems that strew our path in early youth,
Are the wild blossoms of our native woods,
And the admiration they won from me
In my younger days has not increased one single
bit. I can well understand, though, how people
who love flowers dislike, as they grow older, the
idea of shortening their brief lives by gathering
them. I love to see them growing, I like to fill
my garden with them, but old flowers have little
charm for me now.

Walter R. Loder beautifully expresses this
sentiment in one of his poems, when he says:

They bring me tales of youth and bloom of love,
And all, and ever was, my wish and way
To sit all flowers like friends, and all day
Waken to their grave beds their sweet depart
Among their kindred in their native place.

And I know of one little lady who possesses
the most intense love of flowers—when I
saw her in her garden, she was surrounded by
flowers, but who will never permit a one blossom to
appear on her finger-clip, or in her drawing-
room. "Dear, beautiful, lovely little things!
I will not allow their brief lives to be shortened,"
she often exclaims when tenderly looking at her
faded petals.

At a fancy dress ball in Paris the great
success of the evening was a quadrille, in which
the gentlemen were dressed as leopards and the
ladies as garden.

THE FUNERAL PILE.

The rain was blowing in quick white gusts; With yellow leaves the air was darkling; The storm was moaning of death and graves; No moon dared shine, no star was sparkling.

The elms were roaring round the house; With a frantic grief and a wild despair; The wind gave a warning Danse macabre; From the beggared wood that was all but bare.

Then I opened the casket once so dear, And took out the letters I'd kissed so oft; The paper was still by the rose-leaf tinged; Its breath was like hers—so sweet and so soft.

Slowly as one at a sacrifice, With face averted, I fed the flame; Ruthless and cruel, the serpent tongue, Swift and eager and leaping came.

Hopes and joys, they were dreams and air! I sat down and by my funeral pile, And heard the roar of the ruthless fire, And "God forgive her!" I moaned the while.

There was a blaze, and of crimson glare, A wavering pyramid tall and keen; Then there came a puff of smoldering smoke, That rose in a circling vapory screen.

Melancholy's fagot—so want my life, Spring and summer, and autumn too; Its daybreak promise, its rippling thought, Its tears of sorrow, its sunshine dew.

I sat like a mourner beside the pile; All I had loved had passed away; Nothing for me but to hope for flowers To bloom and gladden my burial day.

There lay my life—a crinkling heap Of curling ashes that fell to naught, A glitter of one or two passing sparks— That was all that my love had brought.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.
A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "PAINE FLOWER," "CLARA MOR-
LARK," "FORBES WILL," "REPTILES,"
"BIRDS OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1904, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

He who stands upon the mountain top, commands a view a thousand times greater than he who plods blindly in the valley; and we, who are far above the actors playing their parts in our drama of life, have the power of looking over and beyond their limited vision, and seeing the whole as they see a portion.

While, therefore, the despairing lover is groping along in the deep Valley of Gloom—groping forward, even blindly—unconscious whether his steps are leading to a refuge or to a death, he is steadily advancing toward the goal he would willingly give his life to reach.

Isabelle Molembie had indeed been borne away by the Phantom of the Forest—carried off in a state of utter unconsciousness—and since that many days and nights had passed, through which she had lived as in a wild and troubled dream—a dream in which she appeared to be revelling in darkness, and now and then being thrown up from some abyss to a strange, fantastic glimmer of light, only to be suddenly buried back again to a seemingly deeper depth of gloom and night.

The long series of fancies, excitements, anxieties, sufferings, perils and terrors to which she had been subjected—the long, fearful strain upon her delicate nerves and fine mental faculties—had at last proved too much for an organism so sweetly attuned as the *Hollis* harp, and when she had finally, overpowered with horror, sunk swooning at the foot of the dread Unknown of the Forest, there was then no longer sufficient vitality to restore the mental powers to their natural state, and fever and delirium had followed.

Long days and nights had passed since then, of which she had no consciousness, except the wild, fever-dream.

And where was she all this time?

In a cave, among the rocks of the cliff over which she had fallen, and scarcely more than a hundred yards from the fatal spot where Matthew's bones still lay bleaching.

Oh, if Henry had but known, while groping forth his despair, that she was living and within the reach of his voice!

And how came she to be there in the cave?

She had been borne thither by the Phantom of the Forest.

And who had been with her since?

The Phantom of the Forest.

What was this dread Phantom of the Forest?

Al! now we come to the unravelling of the mystery.

When the waiting fever had spent its force, and consciousness had once more returned to Isabelle, she found herself, weak and emaciated, lying upon a bed of leaves and grass, in some dim, gloomy place, surrounded by rocks. She was barely able to lift her head, and she looked up and around in wonder and fear. No living thing was apparently near her.

"Where am I?" she murmured, "and how came I here?"

Almost as she spoke the words, and as if in response to her question, the narrow passage-way, leading onward to the world of light, was darkened by some moving object, and immediately after the strange and startling figure of the Phantom of the Forest stood before her.

The sight of this Apparition recalled the memory of Isabelle to suddenly and clearly, that the *Phantom*, under the circumstances, it did not prove fatal. She instantly remembered how and where she had looked upon this dread Mystery before, and for a few moments her breath ceased, her heart appeared to stand still, and her eyes stared, as she felt she was in the power of this fearful Something, and was far from certain to which world she now belonged. Then came the thought, like a light from Heaven:

"What is life to me now that I should fear or death that I should covet before the demons of God's dream?" One Great Being made all that live, and His power is over all!

Then, summoning all her will and strength and nerve, she raised her head, and fixing her

eyes upon the eyes of the strange object, that had now advanced to her side, she said, with deep solemnity:

"In the name of God, what are you?"

For a few moments the fearful object stood passively and silently by her side; and then, without warning, it spoke, and its voice, which proved to be a hoarse, muffled, (but which, in the gloom of night, when even before, appeared to be another head,) was quickly lifted off and put aside, and a bright, girlish face bent over her, and a soft, melodious voice said, gently:

"Sweet sister, have you come back to me?"

"Merciful God!" gasped Isabelle; "what does all this mystery mean?"

"For they murdered you, sweet sister," pursued the strange being, "and I have been sorrowing so long!"

"Who are you, poor girl?" queried Isabelle, beginning to comprehend something of the truth.

"I have had such a long, horrid dream, sweet sister," continued the strange creature, without heeding the question; "and I am so glad you have come back to wake me! I have been in the land of spirits, I know, for I have seen you so often there; they murdered and sent you there; but you have come back to me now, and wake me from my horrid, horrid dream, and now we will part no more. Our dear mamma—is she well? do not often see her. She did not come with you, I think?"

"Poor girl! God help her! she has lost her reason!" murmured Isabelle. "And this, after all, is the fearful Phantom of the Forest, that has frightened so many brave but superstitious men?"

"We will not part again, sweet sister, will we?" said the poor inmate, with fond looks.

"No, you shall go with me, poor girl, when I go away from here!" answered Isabelle, in a gentle tone, resolved to humor the other's fancy, whatever it might be. "What is your name?"

"Don't you know?"

"I cannot speak it at this moment; you know we have been long away from each other!"

"Oh, yes—so long! so long!" sighed the other.

"But you have not told me your name?"

"Mary. And you are my sweet sister, Ellen, you know!"

"Oh, yes—I understand you now, Mary!" said Isabelle. "But tell me where I am now? and how I came here?"

"I brought you here—I was afraid I should lose you."

"Where did you find me?"

"Among the wolves, I think. You came down among the wolves, didn't you, sweet sister?"

"Oh, yes, I remember—the horrid wolves were all around me."

"Why did you stay with such beasts?" asked Mary.

"I was trying to get away from them!" answered Isabelle.

"Yes, I came and drove them away."

"How far are we now from the place where you found me?"

"Mary did not seem to comprehend this question, and Isabelle repeated it. She remained no answer, however. The poor inmate stared vacantly, for a minute or so, and then asked abruptly:

"What creature was that with you in the water?"

"That was a man who had been carrying me off, and he became of him?"

"I think he rode away on a whirlwind!" said Mary.

"But why have you not talked to me before as you do now, sweet sister?"

"Have I not?"

"And you would not eat anything! Do you never eat where you have been, sweet sister? I brought you meat and corn and berries, but you would not eat!"

"I have been ill, I suppose," said Isabelle, "and I feel very weak and faint now. Where am I?"

"But you drank—oh, you were so thirsty! and I brought you water, water, water, in that little cup, made of leaves. There it is by your side—I made it. And you wouldn't get up after I put you down, and so I made you that soup. Isn't it a nice hot soup?"

"And there you have been so long—so long—so many days and nights?" repeated Isabelle, wonderingly.

She was disposed to doubt the correctness of this statement, thinking it might be, like much of the rest which the poor girl said, an insane fancy; but when she cast her eyes on her thin, wasted hands and arms, she feared it might be true. Where was she? and how would she ever get away? She could not long live there, she was too weak to stand, and the little chamber she had already made in speaking had quite exhausted her. She thought of Henry, who had been carried off to meet a cruel doom, and a keen pang pierced her heart.

"Oh, God," she groaned, "have mercy on me and take me to Thyself!"

Soon after this she felt a heavy drowsiness stealing over her, and, yielding to it, she fell into a gentle sleep.

Fortunately the returning light of reason was beginning to dawn upon the long darkness which the poor inmate and we were now beginning to comprehend something, but could not pursue a consecutive train of thought. Since the dreadful event which had driven her forth, a wild and unconscious wanderer through the wilderness, she had never spoken a rational word to any human being, but she had met Isabelle; but had seemed up and down the wild forest, sometimes in the day and sometimes in the night, with just enough of instinct to clothe herself in skin and provide herself with food, ever and anon shrieking out her terrible woe. Her history, which is known of it, may be briefly told.

About three years before the date of our story, a gentleman, named Mervine—who had once been blessed with a competence, but, through a series of misfortunes, had become reduced to comparative poverty—removed his family to the wilds of Kentucky, and there sought to make a new home. The struggle was a short one. He fell sick and died, leaving a widow and two twin daughters, Mary and Ellen, and a blind negro boy, who had been brought up in the family and taken along with them as an act of charity, to sustain his loss.

In less than a year after the death of the husband and father, three Indians and a white man one night attacked the widow's dwelling, burst in the door, and murdered all except Mary, who, escaping through a back window, fled shrieking to the forest. These savages were the Indian father and brothers of Mervine, and he was the white man alluded to, and it will be remembered he gave an account of this story, in reply to the questions of Henry, on the night that he and Isabelle lodged under his roof on the bank of the *Linking*. And what

may seem strange and curious as showing the mysterious workings of Providence, Matthew owed his death to the very girl whose mother and sister he had helped to murder—for it was her wild shriek that had so startled him and his beast and led to the fall over the cliff; and subsequently, by parrying the thrust he made at her with his knife, that weapon had, it may be said by her hand, been driven into his bowels, inflicting a mortal wound. Thus had fearful retribution come upon him from the right source of justice.

How poor Mary had lived in the forest for so long a period, through summer's heat and winter's cold, clothing and feeding and protecting herself from wild beasts, must in the main be left to conjecture. It is known that, shortly after the tragedy which turned her poor brain, she had so frightened a couple of hunters that they had fled, leaving a pack of skins behind them, and it is supposed she had carried these off and used them afterward as she required in her own singular way. With the skins of deer she had fastened those skins so closely around her body and limbs and hands that, with a mask of the same over her head and face, her appearance, when seen in a dim, moonlight, as Isabelle had beheld her, was rather that of some hideous animal than a human being; and when merely glanced at by the superstitious borderers, their excited fancies had changed her into an apparition of terrible form. It is supposed that a sort of glimmering of reason, or instinct, such as most maniacs possess, had led her to protect herself from the wild beasts of the forest by lodging in the branches of trees; and thus it had happened, on several occasions, that her shriek had sounded high in air, and she had suddenly appeared in a manner calculated to increase the fears of the superstitious, who had readily accorded her the form and power of something from the world of spirits. And this was the whole of the mystery, which appears simple enough when explained by natural causes, as all mysteries generally do.

For that matter everything is a mystery, from the mighty worlds that swing and roll in space, down to the animated creatures that exist beyond the reach of human vision, though a familiarity with the manifestations of God's thought leads us to regard them with indifference. We cannot explain anything, not even the simplest, except by attributing it to the result of the harmonious working of the law of the Great First Cause, which is itself a still greater Mystery. We know not why we are here ourselves—a wonderful thinking and acting manifestation—how we came here—how we take on life or lose it! The most we can know is, that certain effects result from certain causes; and all the learning and wisdom of man give him not even the faintest glimmer of comprehension of cause. Two simple little words, *he is*, sum up the whole knowledge of mankind in this respect, and the clown and the *sewer* alike stand confessed in ignorance before the great, dark veil which shrouds the wonderful Mystery of Jehovah.

Mary Mervine had a pretty face and figure, and so much resembled Isabelle that they might have been taken for sisters; and this perhaps was the reason why the poor inmate believed her to be her sister; and as the murdered girl, being a twin, had probably resembled the living one very closely, and as Matthew had been so attracted to her, she may have desired to recover his identity, it may be this resemblance had some thing to do with the wild, rude passion he had felt for Isabelle. Mary naturally had a sweet and gentle disposition; and having, as she believed, recovered the dear sister she had so fearfully mourned, she was now in a fair way to regain her reason again. As we have shown, she could partially control her mind, and could in her thought her mental perceptions were a good deal mixed up with the strange, wild fancies of a disordered brain.

While Isabelle slept, therefore, she sat quietly by her side, and watched her with the gentle fondness of a mother overlooking the slumbers of her tender offspring; and when Isabelle again awoke, she found her eyes and limbs entirely unbound, and she looked around her, and Mary smiled, and said very sweetly:

"I am so glad I see your dear bright eyes again!"

"Mary," said Isabelle, with an anxious look, "do you know where we are?"

"Oh, yes—we are here together, sweet sister."

"But we must get away from here, and go where there are others?"

"Who are they?"

"We must go to some station. Do you not know of any near this place?"

"We must not let the wicked Indians catch us!" returned Mary, with a shudder.

"Oh, no—Heaven knows I don't wish to be in their power again!" rejoined Isabelle. "Here, give me your hand, and I will see if I can get upon my feet and stand."

Assisted by Mary, Isabelle succeeded, after a great effort, in rising to her feet; and then she saw how utterly incapable she was of performing a long journey through the forest—an unknown journey at that.

"Oh, what will become of me?" she groaned. "I am so weak to go away, and I shall certainly perish here!"

"Oh, no, not again!" cried poor Mary. "You have died once, you know, sweet sister—murdered you were by the cruel Indians—and if you were to die to the again and leave me, I believe I should go mad!"

"Oh, this will drive me mad!" thought Isabelle. "To remain here, in this wretched condition, along with a poor girl who has lost her reason! And then how can I live? I must have food! and where am I to get it? at least such as my weak system can bear?"

"Mary," she said to the poor girl, "have you anything that I can eat?"

Mary ran to a little hollow among the rocks, where she called her pantry, and brought forth a few berries and some corn.

"I did have meat," she said, "but you would not touch it, and so I ate it to keep it from spoiling."

"Where did you get it, Mary?"

"Oh, the good angel brought it to me, as they often do, I believe, to those of being very hungry, and think I am going to starve, and then somebody comes and whispers in my ear where I can get food, and I go and find it."

"And how do you manage to cook it?"

"I always eat it as they eat it, sweet sister."

"I fear these berries and this corn would do me more harm than good," Mary said Isabelle.

"If I only had some bread!"

"Brother!" said Mary, brightening, "that was what we made for poor dear papa when he was so sick."

"But we have no meat to make it of, and no

way to cook it if we had!" said Isabelle, despairingly. "Oh, what will become of me? what will become of me? Mary, do you know where we are?"

"Why, here?" returned the other, simply.

"What place is this?"

"Your home, sweet sister: you know we live here together now!"

"But is there no fort or station near us? no place where we can find human beings like ourselves?"

"I thought we were angels!" replied Mary, starting.

"Oh, it is enough to drive me mad!" groaned Isabelle. "Here, lend me your arm to lean on, and I will try and see if I can leave this place, for surely I shall die here!"

With the assistance of the poor inmate, Isabelle managed to walk a few steps.

"Oh, I am too weak!" she groaned; "and it is folly to strive against fate! Take me back to my rude bed, and let me die here!"

"Oh, no, you must not die again!" cried Mary, in alarm.

There is only one thing that can save my life, my poor girl!" sighed Isabelle, as she once more lay herself down on her rude couch.

"What is that?" asked Mary.

"You must go and find somebody to come to my assistance."

Mary looked sad and troubled, and wrung her hands.

"What the angels do?" she asked.

"No, the angels will not do in this case, Mary—I must have human assistance."

"Is it Henry you want?" asked Mary.

"Henry?" cried Isabelle, in startled surprise; "what do you know of Henry?"

"You have been talking of Henry for so long, and would not call me Mary once?"

"Ah, that is all then!" groaned Isabelle, her sad hopes as suddenly overthrown. "God help me!"

"I wish I could think right!" pursued Mary, with a perplexed and troubled look. "I have had so many dark dreams, that I don't know how to think. Are you sick?" she inquired, with great tenderness.

"Yes!" answered Isabelle, mechanically, feeling it was no longer any use to continue a conversation with one who could not comprehend what she required.

"Our dear papa was sick, you know, and he died!"

"Yes!" replied Isabelle.

"But you and dear mamma were murdered by the Indians?"

"Yes!" answered Isabelle.

"I will go for a doctor—shall I?"

"Yes!" said Isabelle, feeling a heavy drowsiness coming over her again, and now desiring only to be left in peaceful quiet.

She was conscious that Mary arose and moved away, and then she fell into a pleasant slumber. Suddenly she was awakened and startled by the report of a rifle, followed by a wild shriek, not unlike that she had heard so many times before; and, a minute after, poor Mary, with the mask on her face, came flying into the little cave from without. She ran up to Isabelle and crouched down in terror, and her heroine saw with alarm that she was partially covered with blood, which was still flowing freely from a wound in her arm.

"Is Heaven's name, what is it? what has happened?" cried Isabelle.

"Oh, don't speak! don't stir!" gasped Mary, in a wild, startled whisper, "for the cruel Indians are coming to murder us both!"

"Indians?" returned Isabelle, with a shudder.

"Well, she added, a moment after, quite calmly, "let them come: as well die one way as another!"

Presently she heard voices, and held her breath to listen. At first she could not distinguish the words, and then her very soul was thrilled with a wild joy and hope.

"What's the use?" said the unmistakable voice of Rough Tom Stroum. "I tell you, roughing it for a bullet won't do no good here! and if you goes in, you'll never come out alive, 'cept you goes in a blaze of brimstone!"

Then there was another voice in reply, and poor Isabelle felt as if her soul was leaving her in a wild transport of joy.

"What is life to me now, Tom," said the other voice, "that I should fear to risk it here or elsewhere? I will save this mystery now, or die in the attempt!"

For a few moments Isabelle struggled to speak, and then she fairly shrieked forth:

"Henry! dear, dear Henry!"

"Gladness, God!" was the wild response.

Then there was a rush of steps through the passage-way, and the next moment Henry Colburn stood in the presence of Isabelle Molembie. Heaven had been merciful, and the lovers had met beyond the hour of peril.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Back numbers can be supplied containing the whole story.

The Inherent Wickedness of Shirts.

A long time ago, I undertook the supervision of a set of shirts, including, of course, the wearer. It was the height of my young ambition that the man should be easily fitted by his shirt, concerning which he began to make complaints just one month after I took him in charge.

"What is the matter with them?" I inquired.

"There isn't a single one that fits me."

Totally unconscious of the inherent wickedness of the article concerned, I flattered myself that the difficulty would be easily remedied. So I ripped here and basted there, pulled up this shoulder and pulled down that, till I thought I had got it.

Mistaken mortal! It would not do!

I made another series of experiments with equally futile results. Then I consulted one or two friends, and felt sure I had at last discovered where the shoe—I mean the shirt—pinched. I applied a cure, but the thing wasn't cured. Next I employed a tailor to try his skill. Not one whit better. The man was getting—and I was getting—desperate.

As my *desperado* resorted, I summoned a council of sewing society women, and we went into a committee of the whole. For hours, we expounded our united wits on a single shirt, often subjecting the luckless owner to numerous trials of the garment.

"Don't that new fit your neck exactly?" asked the head of the conspiracy, as for the forty-fifth time we gathered around our victim.

"Why, yes," with a charming smile of relief, and twisting his head about experimentally.

"Really, I can't suggest any improvement."

"Oh, be joyful!" exclaimed I, clapping my hands.

"Suppose," said one of the wise women, looking at me over her glasses as if some important idea had struck her, "suppose we cut out a new shirt on the improved plan, and if that suits, we'll take a pattern from it."

"Agreed!" cried I, quite jubilant, and ran to a sheet for the cotton.

So we cut, basted, and tried on—sewed, and tried on—starched, ironed, and tried on.

"Capital!" affirmed our representative of the lordly sex. "Not a thread amiss. It is the first time in my life that a shirt has exactly fitted me."

As a grateful memorial, I made up six new ones after that identical pattern. We entered on our triumphant epoch.

Woe worth the day! Next I own that before forty-eight hours had passed, that "exactly fitted" individual called me aside, and pointed with cruel significance to his neck.

"I am very sorry," with the blandest air in the world. "I suppose your mistake came from your great desire not to choke me."

"Mistake! choke you?" echoed I convulsively, a little tempted to try the latter.

"Don't be troubled. It requires only a slight alteration—a trim out of the binding, that's all. You see it rather large."

"Why couldn't he have found it out before?"—to myself. "Then aloud with great dignity. "Tell me precisely how much to cut out, sir."

"Well, I should say just about an inch."

"Just about an inch," muttered I sarcastically, adding, "I believe the mischief is all in your neck, which dilates and contracts on purpose to torment me."

I smiled kindly on my wrathful torso, and I—well—when the shirt was "rough-dry," I dutifully cut out the inch, basted the binding, and tried it on again.

"That is just what I wanted. It does very nicely now, you see," working his chin up and down.

"Yes, I see. I did before."

"Practice makes perfect, and this time you hit the nail on the head."

When the change was completed, he once more tried on the shirt, and unconsciously assured me that "it fitted to a T." So I made the same alteration in the other five, and set down to take a bit of comfort.

Can you imagine what next happened?

In the course of a fortnight, the man gave me an invitation to ride with him, which I was only too happy to accept. How extremely gracious and agreeable he was! I might have suspected something was coming. From one thing to another he led the conversation, till finally he approached the old hateful topic, (he had on one of his new shirts.)

"I don't suit my vacation," remarked I, innocently, "sure that you are at last suited."

Then, suppressing the matter at root, I turned to a plannetier subject. But coming back to the shirt again his face assumed such a deprecating look, that I exclaimed in alarm:

"Nothing else then now, I hope."

"Only a very little thing, and easily altered. In your fear of getting them too large, they are a trifle too much on my vacation."

My heart rebelled, but I carried out a word.

When we reached home, I made him measure off on his forefinger exactly how much was wished inserted. The shirt he had first altered, to be the identical one I had first altered. I was fortunate enough to discover in my suit-case the very piece I had cut out. And I was calculating enough to catch at its proving the exact measure of the addition wanted. So I sewed it in again, repeating to myself all the while, "Oh the wickedness of men!"

Will you believe me when I whisper it confidentially, that after all this, for many years, I shuddered between cutting out and putting in the said same piece—the man's neck invariably playing no false.

Of late, however, I have dropped the labor of sewing, having discovered that pinning over one week, and replacing the next, answers all the purpose. The victim of this perpetual change shudders in the inevitable arrangement; and what is better, he has learned to do the thing.

There is a shirt hanging over a chair in the chamber at this moment. I have had the curiosity to go in and examine it, as I have been wishing. I find it is the pinning-over week.

"ENTERTAINING FASHIONS" OF HENRY TWENTY YEARS AGO.—In an old *Knickerbocker* Almanac of 1887 is the following prediction about the United States:

"When the century is ruled by a miller maid, A bumper shall clutch with a thimble of gold; And the water shall furnish, instead of the land, Three millions of men with their first in command."

IF, at a station sale at a concert near Philadelphia, eight hundred pounds of hair, short from the heads of young girls who have taken the veil since 1870, brought \$4,000.

estimated to about \$100 head. The prime cows
weighing 16-18 lbs. 100 Cows brought from
the land camp—10,000 head were disposed
of at 7-9 lbs. 100 Hogs sold at from
1.50 to 2.00 lbs.

THE RIDDLE

with one water.